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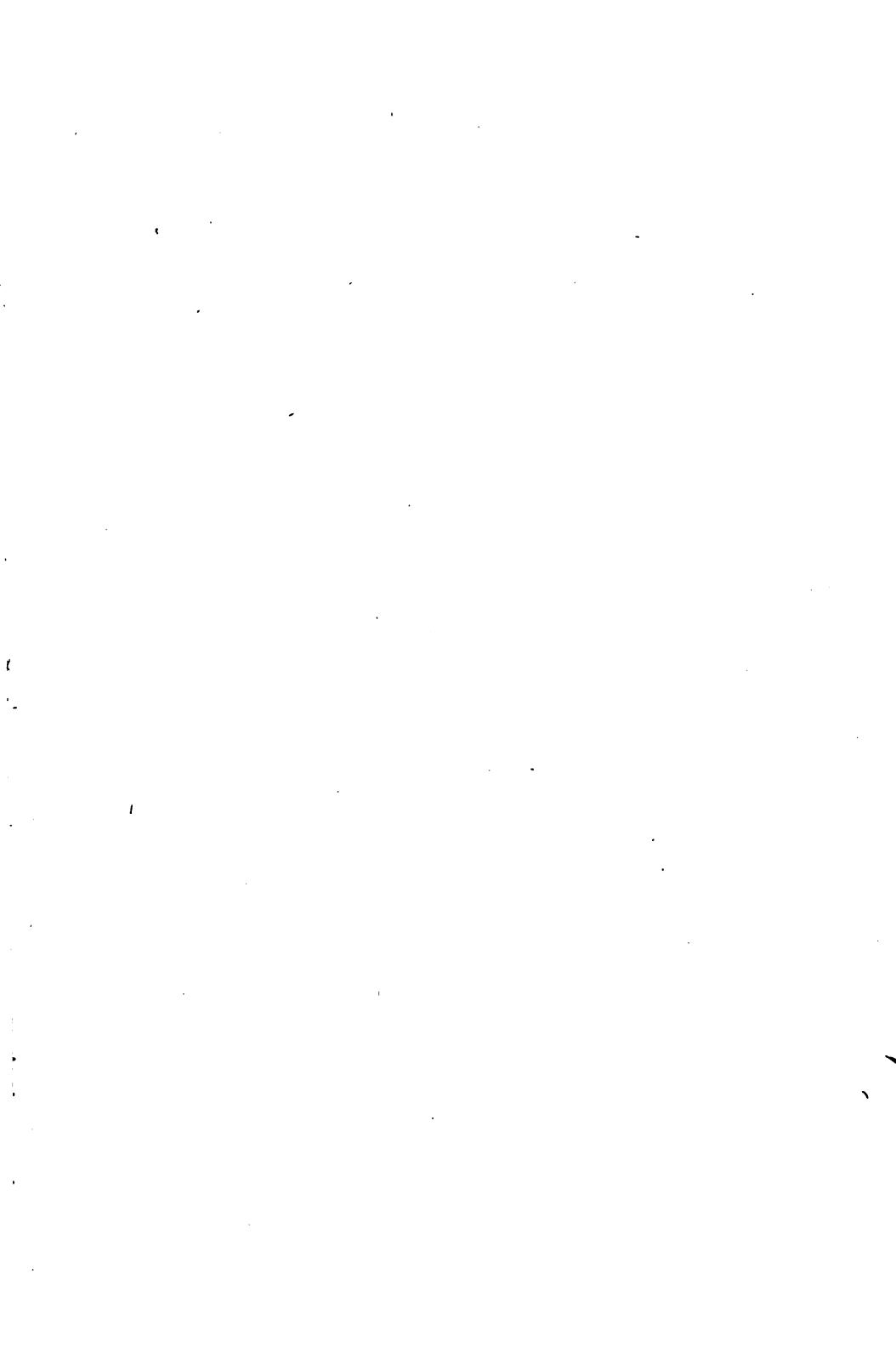
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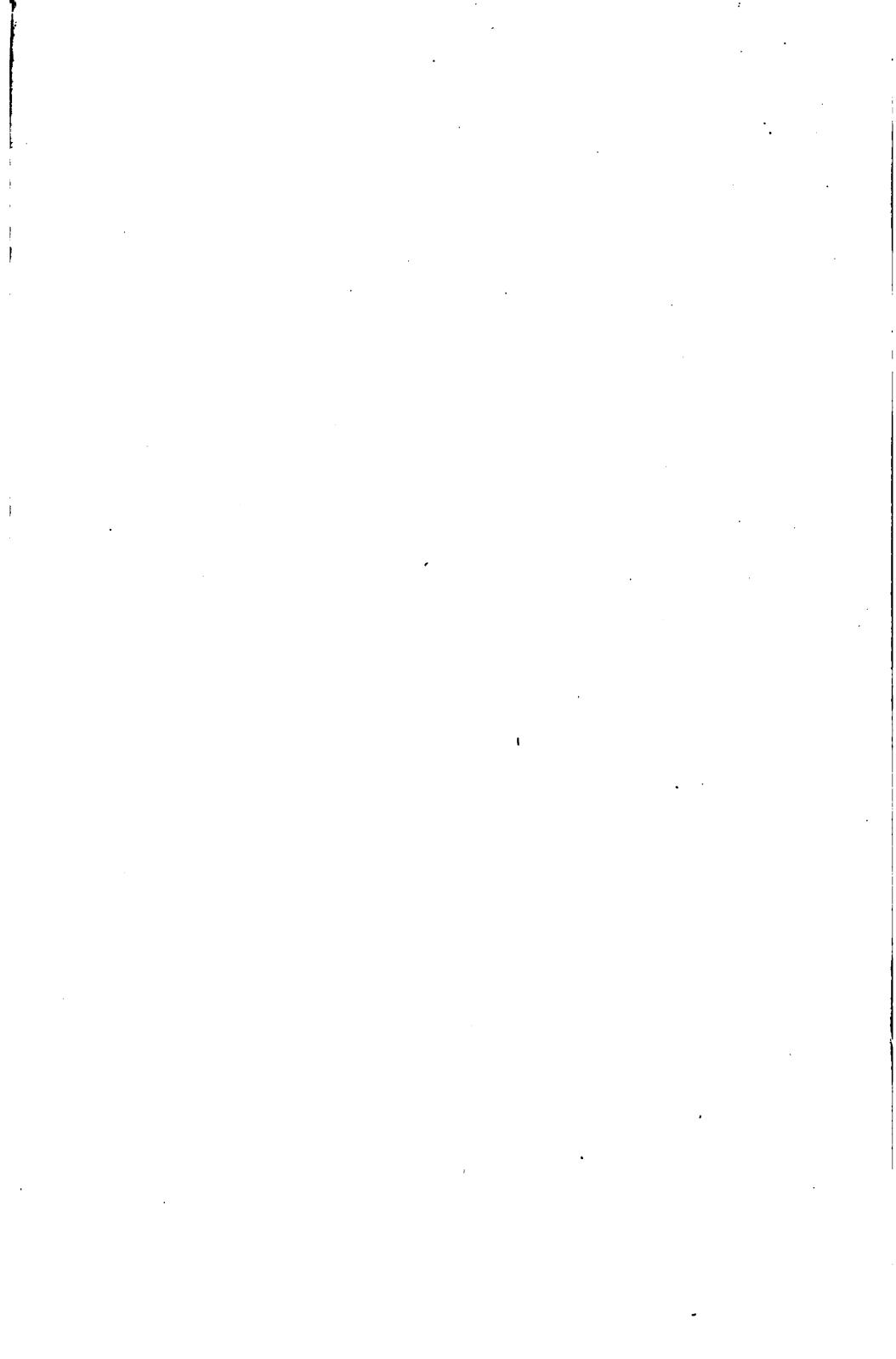
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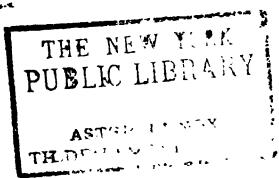
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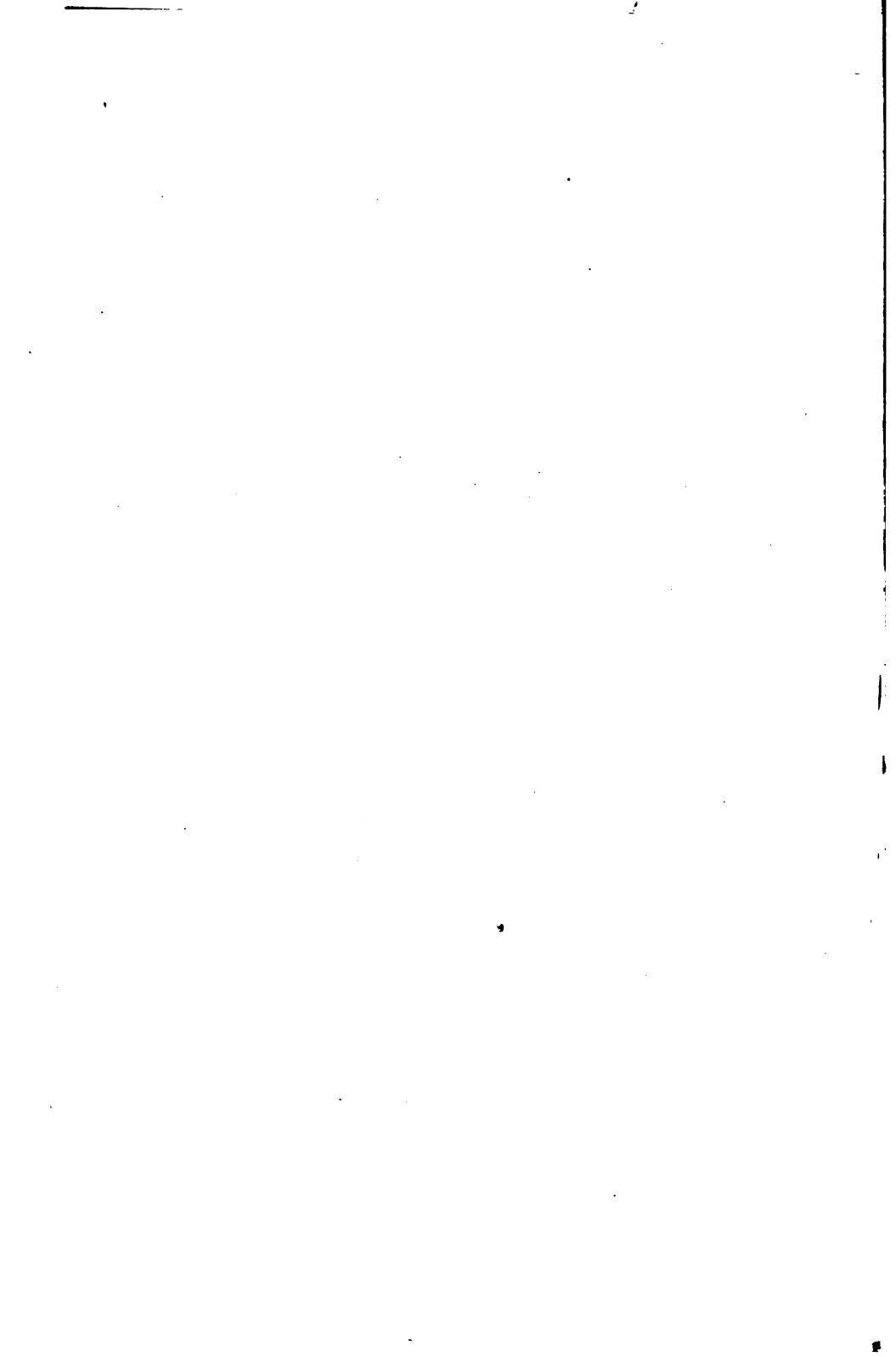






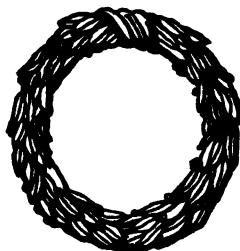
Henry H. Fayon





HENRY HARDWICK FAXON

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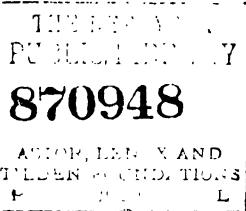


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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Clementine - 1920s



HENRY HARDWICK FAXON

THE Faxon name is among the oldest in Quincy, running back to Thomas Faxon, who came from England previous to 1647. Since that date the name appears frequently in the town records, denoting substantial farmers and trusted town officials. By marriage those bearing it have become related to about all of the noted families in this historic community. To Job and Judith B. (Hardwick) Faxon was born in Quincy, September 28, 1823, Henry Hardwick Faxon. No other member of the characteristically vigorous and independent Faxon race has become better known. Like so many of the famous men of Massachusetts, he found a way to success through the common school, the farm, and the shoemaker's bench. In every one of these places his rich endowment of faculty received training, so that when he established a grocery and provision store in Quincy, a door was soon opened, to a larger enterprise in Boston. In 1854 he became a member of the firm of Faxon, Wood & Co., retail grocers in that city. Later the firm was known as Faxon Brothers & Co., in the wholesale trade.

A large measure of success attended their operations, which still fell to Henry when he retired from the firm in 1861, and threw himself into more daring mercantile enterprises. The tide was with him, for the extensive purchases he made on the eve of the civil war, on his journeys south to Cuba and New Orleans, were sold at a price which brought large profits. It was at this time that, with his quick perception of the situation of affairs, he anticipated a sharp rise in the price of liquors, and placed in store, and later sold at an advance, several hundred barrels. This single transaction is the foundation of the charge that Mr. Faxon made his money by selling rum. It was not an inconsistency, for up to that time he was not a temperance advocate. His fortune was made in ordinary mercantile ventures and in real estate dealings. "As a business man Mr. Faxon seemed to know intuitively the state of the future as well as current markets; and the boldness of his operations, and the manner of his purchases, though unerringly clear to himself, seemed to others audacious, even wild and reckless, and astonished his associates by their successful issues."

On the 18th of November, 1852, he married

Mary Burbank Munroe, a daughter of the well-known Boston merchant, Israel W. Munroe, and Priscilla (Burbank) Munroe. Thus happily situated in a delightful home, and with an independent fortune early achieved, Mr. Faxon was now quite content to retire from mercantile life. Always thrifty, the passion for heaping up riches beyond a competence never possessed him. Now, one might naturally conclude, he would turn to a life of well-earned ease, and the delights of some of the many advantages of our advanced civilization. Such a course would find justification in what is ordinarily called common sense. But in Mr. Faxon's character there was an original, an incalculable, element, which lifted his actions out of the line which might be predicted of ordinary men. There was also a moral earnestness, hitherto mostly dormant, which craved expression. So it was precisely at this point that his restless energies broke into a new career upon an untried sea.

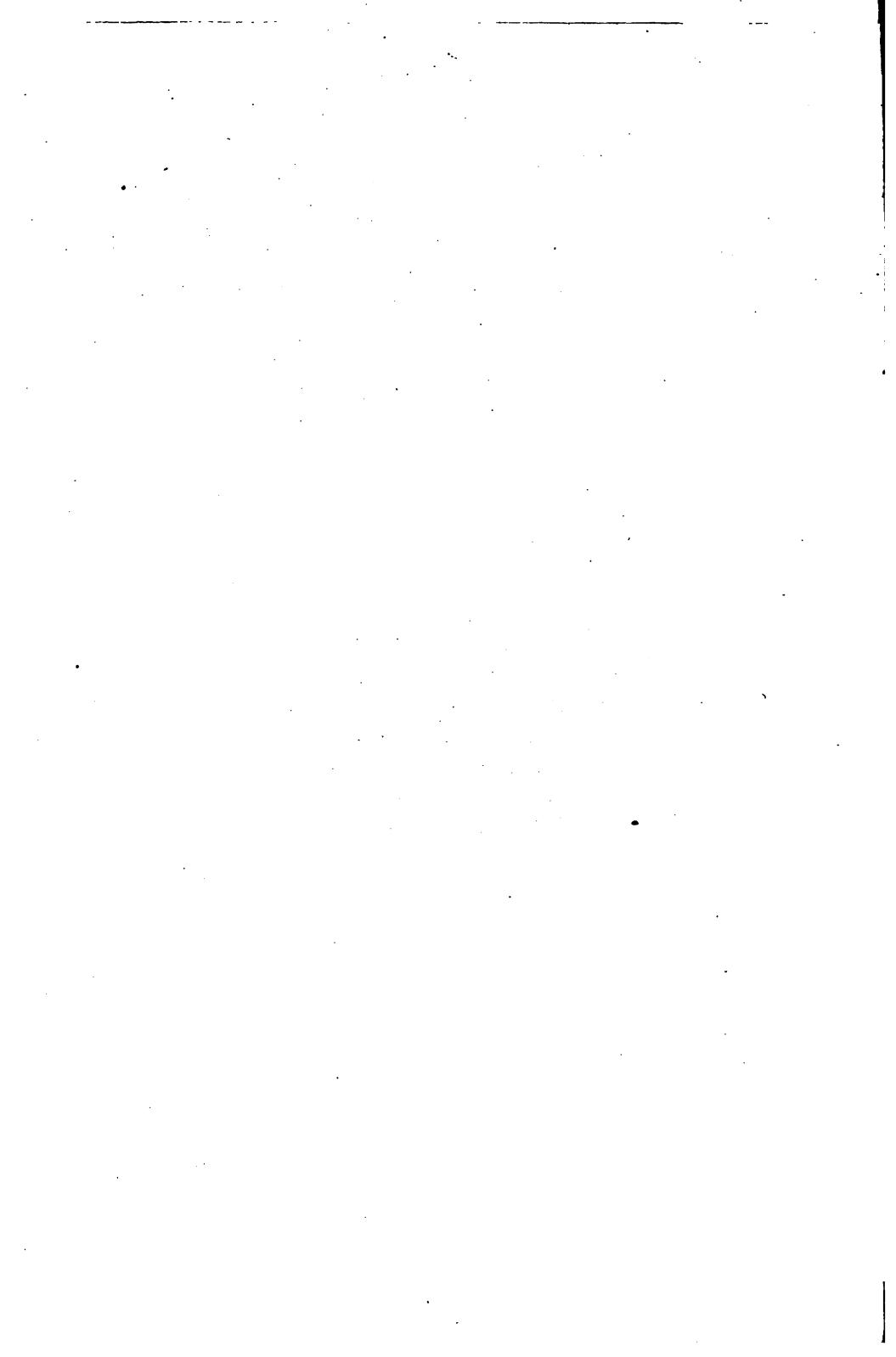
In 1864, and again in 1872, he was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. Here it was, that as a member of the Committee on Liquor Laws, he became impressed with two facts which influenced all his after life. These were the evils

wrought by the liquor traffic, on the one hand, and the evasive actions of mere politicians, and the futile ways of many of the so-called friends of temperance, on the other. His conscience and his practical sense were both aroused. He became an ardent advocate of temperance, and soon won the distinction of being, perhaps, the most independent, aggressive, tireless, and practical reformer in the Commonwealth. He had not far to look for a field in which to exercise his activities. His native town of Quincy had long been cursed by the licensed sale of intoxicating liquors. Lives were debauched, homes destroyed, property was depreciating in value, the fair fame of the town clouded. He redeemed all by his unremitting labors. Almost alone at first, scoffed and ridiculed, "a voice crying in the wilderness," he at last won to his side an awakened community. The No-License era, thus begun in 1882, was resolutely maintained by his inspiration year after year, and because of the same force was confirmed at the last election by the largest "No" vote ever cast. As the "millionaire policeman," he, at bodily peril and large expense, personally demanded the enforcement of the law. All

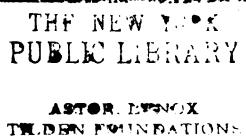
the while he maintained in Boston the "Faxon Temperance Bureau," from which he directed streams of literature where they would do the most good. He planned political campaigns; he was actively present at caucuses, conventions, and the General Court, insisting upon temperance measures and honest methods. His direct speech in all sorts of meetings, his contributions to numerous reform societies, and his broadsides in the public prints, kept up a helpful and tireless agitation. His hand was on the tiller, and it is not too much to say, that the course of the Republican party was shaped once and again by his moral persistence. Chiefly instrumental was he in having the weight of the temperance vote thrown in favor of John D. Long for Governor, at a critical time, thus facilitating the brilliant career of one of our most able and best-beloved public men. In all this strenuous service he freely spent a fortune, and never sought personal advancement of any kind. Best of all, as some think, he seldom, or never, lost his temper. He struck hard blows and received them with entire cheerfulness. In a righteous cause he seemed possessed with the old Anglo-Saxon joy of fight. As Charles

Francis Adams, the younger, writes: "His attacks on individuals were so open, public, and fearless, that from the mouth of any one else they would have been sure to lead to blows. Once they did in his case; and he was often threatened. Much of his security lay, probably, in the fact that he was not malignant. Indeed, he was good-natured in his enmities. He did not lose his temper and become ugly and bitter under defeat; nor did he follow up wrongs or slights in any spirit of revenge." In Quincy this genial side of his nature was shown in his love for the young people and children of the town. Frequent and generous were his gifts to aid their pastimes, and unfailing for years his Christmas remembrances to all the Sunday Schools. Indeed, the pleasure in which he most often indulged himself seemed to be that of bestowing some token of his appreciation upon persons to whom he was attracted, or with whom he was connected, or who had rendered some notable service to the public. For his own delight he coveted little; his personal wants were simple, his individual belongings astonishingly meagre for one of his means. But that day seemed lost in which he did not make some one happy by his

Birthplace of Henry H. Faxon



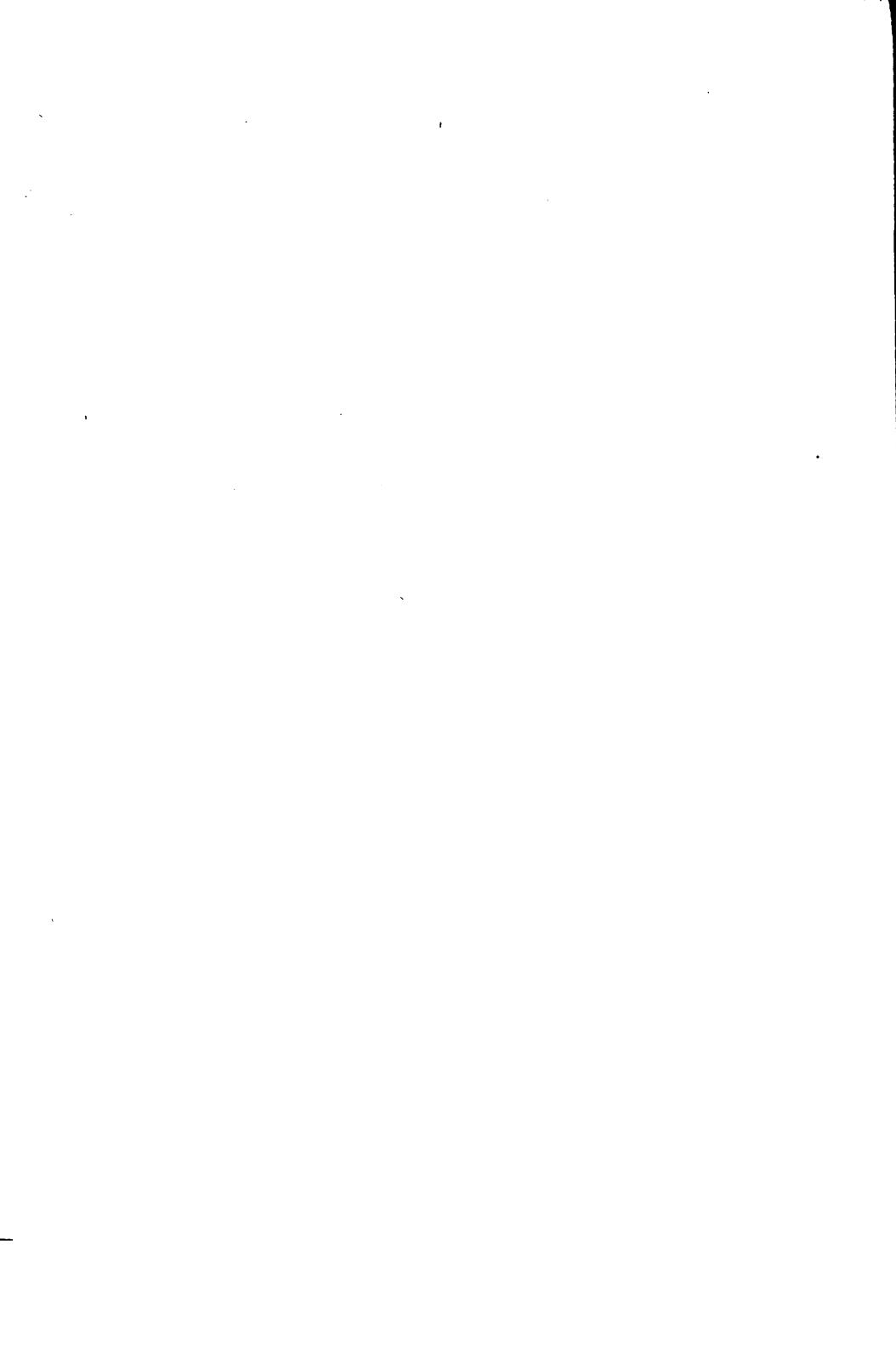




generosity, or strengthen some worthy institution by his liberality. The old First Church, the church of his fathers, had in him one of its most large-hearted supporters. No one was more constant in attendance upon its services, no one listened more attentively to the words of its ministers, and no one was more ready to contribute to its charities, its home missions, and to the ordinary expenses of the house of worship. In doctrines he took little or no satisfaction, but if temperance, civic righteousness, or any other practical duty of life was the theme, his appreciation was manifest. His loyalty to his own church, however, never blinded him to the good wrought by other denominations. His contributions to all of the churches in the city and to many outside its limits were large, and his visits to them frequent. In Faxon Park, which includes some of the acres of the old homestead on which he was born and bred, the city will be benefited by his generosity for all time to come. By such qualities as these,—his public spirit, his unselfishness, his humanity, his tireless efforts to advance all genuine reforms,—he made a lasting impression upon his native town and state. This is his monument, to be discerned in a

higher order of social and political life, in homes protected, in morality strengthened, in men and women stimulated to nobler thoughts and deeds. Full of years, and crowned with honor and the praise of his fellow men, he passed away on the 14th day of November, 1905.

MEMORIAL SERVICES



MEMORIAL SERVICES

THE thought of holding public services in commemoration of the devoted efforts of Henry H. Faxon in behalf of temperance, good government, and other reforms, arose spontaneously in the minds of many of his friends and co-workers soon after his death. It fell to the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society to act upon the thought, and to initiate such measures as resulted in the notable meeting held in Lorimer Hall, Boston, January 18, 1906.

At the monthly meeting of the Directors of the Total Abstinence Society, in November, 1905, the Hon. Byron B. Johnson, ex-Mayor of Waltham, an intimate friend of Mr. Faxon, offered the following:

“The Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society hereby records its sense of its great loss by the death of Henry H. Faxon of Quincy, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society and a valued associate and supporter in its work. Mr. Faxon was ever ready with cheerful responses to all the needs of our Society. His

advice and coöperation have always been ours whenever sought.

“We have had constant reminders of his great interest in the temperance cause throughout the Commonwealth, and of his generous assistance.

“We express to all members of his family our deep sympathy, and appoint Hon. John D. Long, Rev. Alfred Noon, B. R. Jewell, Hon. B. B. Johnson, and C. E. Dennett to represent the Society at his funeral services. The Secretary is instructed to transmit a certified copy of this minute to his son, Henry M. Faxon, of Quincy, and to place the same on our records.”

It was then voted

“That this Society invite each of the State temperance organizations to appoint a committee of three to meet a like committee of the Society at our rooms for the purpose of adopting a more general and public declaration of regard for Henry H. Faxon’s life and services, or to take such other action as said joint committee may deem proper.”

Under this vote the gentlemen already appointed to attend the funeral services of Mr. Faxon were requested to act as the Committee

for the Total Abstinence Society. Mr. Johnson, Chairman of the Committee, felt empowered to send invitations to the temperance and kindred organizations in the State to meet and consider what form the more general and public recognition of Mr. Faxon's life and services should take. The following societies were invited:

- Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
- Independent Order of Good Templars.
- Sons of Temperance.
- Universalist Young People's Union.
- Unitarian Temperance Society.
- Baptist Young People's Union.
- Anti-Saloon League.
- The Church Temperance Society.
- Temple of Honor.
- Massachusetts Temperance Society.
- Prohibition State Committee.
- Massachusetts Christian Endeavor Union.
- Cambridge No-License League.
- Civic League.
- Epworth League.
- Sabbath Protective League.
- Twentieth Century Pledge-Signing Crusade.

The committees of the various organizations to which invitations were sent met in the rooms of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society. The Hon. Byron B. Johnson was chosen chairman, and, after consideration of the entire matter, it was decided to hold a public meeting in Boston at an early date. The following named gentlemen were appointed a Committee of Arrangements: Hon. Byron B. Johnson, of Waltham; Robert H. Magwood, of Dorchester; and Rev. Samuel H. Davis, of Boston. Full powers were given this committee to plan the meeting and secure speakers. A Committee on Resolutions was appointed as follows: Hon. James S. Allen, of Brockton; Rev. Alfred Noon, of Everett; Hon. Frederick Fosdick, of Fitchburg. The full report of the Committee of Arrangements was presented in the order of exercises of the "Henry H. Faxon Memorial Services."

PROCEEDINGS

A **LARGE** assembly gathered in Lorimer Hall at eleven o'clock, on the 18th day of January, 1906, for the observance of the Henry H. Faxon Memorial Services. Delegates were present from the State Temperance Societies, many clergymen were in attendance, and there was a notable representation of the officials of the city government of Quincy, and of its prominent residents. The immediate relatives and intimate friends occupied the front rows of seats. A deep feeling of mingled respect and sorrow filled the assembly, which seemed tenderly modified and expressed by the plants and flowers,— palms, ferns, and American beauty roses,— which were disposed on the platform. On an easel was conspicuous a fine crayon portrait of Mr. Faxon, which was partly veiled by a spray of roses and orchids.

The meeting was called to order by the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Hon. Byron B. Johnson, ex-Mayor of Waltham.

ADDRESS OF HON. BYRON B. JOHNSON

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—This is not to be a service of mourning, but of good cheer. A man of deep convictions, of great courage, a leader, has been called from our battle ranks. His banner has fallen into our hands, and we shall carry it forward.

Henry H. Faxon was a builder, a safeguard about the homes of the people. He was a friend of the needy and the tempted; a man of peace,—by the path of war if need be; a man of strong friendships, and of a generous heart. A square foe.

It is well for us, at this time, to consider his virtues, his generosity, his aims, his work, his success; and to announce to the people of Massachusetts, with no uncertain voice, that “the battle is still on!”

The Committee of Arrangements, representing all the State Temperance Societies and auxiliary organizations, have recognized one preëminently Mr. Faxon’s friend for many years, and have invited him to preside. In its behalf I have the pleasure of introducing our associate, and, whatever other titles of distinction he may have won, best known and most loved by us as “Governor Long.”

ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN D. LONG

THERE are some strong qualities of character which, while a man lives, excite toward him at first antagonism and depreciation, then at a later period respect, but, when he is dead, genuine admiration and praise. The most striking of these is what is called the courage of his convictions. It is natural enough, I suppose, that our usual estimate of this quality, at least while a man lives, is controlled by the consideration whether his convictions agree with ours or not. If they do, we applaud him; if they do not, we are apt to sneer at him.

When Governor Boutwell arrayed himself so emphatically against the attitude of our national government on the Philippine issue, those who differed from him regarded him as an old fogy, while those who agreed with him lauded him as an heroic martyr, but, had he differed from them, would have called him a time-server, though the courage of his convictions would have been exactly the same.

But when the man is dead, everybody at last recognizes the merit, and does honor to the hon-

est conviction and to the fidelity and courage of its maintenance. Everybody to-day honors Elmer H. Capen for exactly the same courage of his convictions on the Philippine question which Governor Boutwell had as to his, though their convictions were diametrically opposite, each maintaining them against an exacting opposition in his respective circle. Nobody to-day speaks of Neal Dow or William Lloyd Garrison without profound respect.

So we, meeting here to pay our tribute of honor to Henry H. Faxon, who has gone to his rest, if such an active spirit can be at rest, voice the general sentiment of Massachusetts. The strenuous adulatory phrases of to-day fit him. He was a hard fighter. He struck from the shoulder. He never flinched. He saw his duty and did it. He was not a coward. He always came up smiling.

Mr. Faxon was an apostle of temperance in the matter of alcoholic drinks. It has been charged that in his early business life he made money in the rise in value of a single stock of liquors bought by him in a commercial speculation. If that incident in his early career is true, it is to his credit that, instead of tempting him further in that direc-

tion, it only stimulated his conscience and public spirit, which saw and felt the terrible evils of the liquor traffic. It is as inconsequential a reproach to him in his later crusade against the rumseller and the liquor saloon as it would be to detract from the merit of the apostle Paul because before his conversion he persecuted the Christians and took part in the stoning of Stephen. There is no doubt that Mr. Faxon was actuated by true humanity in putting himself, his fortune, his reputation, and his personal and social comfort into the cause of temperance. He saw the terrible evils of alcoholic intemperance, in the home, in the municipality, in the degradation of families, in the suffering of women and little children, in the promotion of vice and poverty and crime, and he fought it to the end of his life with unflagging ardor and potency.

He thus became one of the impelling and vital forces of the community. He fixed and maintained to this day the municipal standard of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors in his own town and city, and was the strongest factor in its maintenance in other towns and cities of the Commonwealth. He was as plucky and dogmatic as

an Adams, and that name and his, together with the name of the city itself, are the best known names to-day in the municipality of Quincy.

There was a true and right spot in Faxon's heart. It responded to the call of many in need and want. A clear-headed, strong-handed business man, alive to his own material interests, and as thrifty as a disciple of Ben Franklin, it was for that reason all the more to his credit that his sympathies were so practically strong with the unfortunate and dependent, especially in removing from them the temptations of intemperance.

A noticeable characteristic in him was his good cheer, his elasticity of temperament which, no matter how crushing the blow or fierce the attack or disappointing the campaign, rebounded like a rubber ball, and was as alert and expansive as before, ready for a fresh impulse and ascension.

Courage, humanity, good cheer, unflagging persistence in a righteous cause, business clear-headedness, these were among his leading characteristics. To these qualities so strikingly illustrated in him, to his good work, to his zeal, and to himself the fearless, we pay our tribute. I join in it with cordial appreciation, and, let me add,

with a personal sense of gratitude for his stout support at a time when, without it, my public career might have had an earlier end.

We could better have spared all the sensation breeders, high or low, gilt or fustian, who fill the daily columns of our careless reading, than a single spirit like that of Henry H. Faxon, with his heroism and devotion in what was to him the cause of his fellow men.

After a selection by the Albion Male Quartette, the Rev. Edward A. Horton, Chaplain of the Massachusetts Senate, offered prayer. All hearts were lifted by the fervency of it to the Source of all righteousness and comfort, and inspired with the conception of the Infinite Strength behind and beneath all efforts to advance mankind.

The singing by the quartette of Whittier's hymn, "Eternal Goodness," followed, and then Governor Long arose and said that it gave him great pleasure to introduce one who knew well what Mr. Faxon had done in Quincy, having worked with him to improve the conditions of that municipality, the Rev. A. F. Roche, of St. Mary's Church, Quincy. The Rev. Mr. Roche,

who at that moment entered the hall, ascended the platform, and delivered a vigorous and able address. For the following abstract we are indebted to the public prints.

ADDRESS OF REV. A. F. ROCHE

IN beginning, the Rev. Mr. Roche said that he could not make a formal address. He had consented to be present and speak only on condition that it should be understood that he would utter such unpremeditated words as should be inspired by the meeting itself. He would like to say what was fitting of Mr. Faxon as he knew him and of his work in Quincy, but any just and elaborate address was forbidden him by many pressing duties. In the early days of his appointment to Quincy, he had been stirred to fight the power of the saloon because of the evils it had brought upon the community. The condition of the town was bad, and it was going from bad to worse. There was degradation in morals and depreciation in property. The sanctity of the home, virtue, religion, all were involved. Any one who had deep love for his fellow men could not remain

inactive. The hardest battle had to be waged against political prejudice, which led men of each party to personally vilify and abuse their opponents, because their opinions differed concerning state or national politics.

He had no sympathy with those who defend their party whether it be right or wrong. Political parties are to be regarded as tools or instruments to do the will of an intelligent and free people. No party has a monopoly of intelligence or patriotism. Our motto should be, "United we stand—divided we fall." The members of any political party should not regard themselves as "preferred stock" and their opponents as "common stock." Neither the Constitution of the United States nor that of Massachusetts makes any such distinction among citizens. In agitating public questions in Quincy, he had labored to get people to look at them from the standpoint of principle, and to be moved alone by what is for the benefit of all. He believed he had played an important part in conciliating partisans and in uniting them on the broad platform of the public good, and he thanked God for it. But it is easy to legislate and to make laws; it is difficult to

execute them and get the citizens to honor them as they should. Mr. Faxon labored hard in this cause. He saw that the laws were enforced. By his earnestness, by his executive ability, by his perseverance, and the generous devotion of his time and means, he changed greatly and for the better the condition of the town. For more than twenty years, almost all the credit for keeping Quincy free from the evils of the saloon was due to the energy and great courage of Mr. Faxon. That courage never failed him, although it was severely tested. Twice, in the dark, he was brutally stricken down by unknown ruffians. He was, at that time, in constant danger of his life, yet he never faltered; he went on with his work.

“I went into this campaign,” continued Father Roche, “because I felt that by so doing I was fighting on the side of God and humanity. I believe that it is the duty of the church to battle against sin and its occasions; I know of no occasion of sin so prolific in its malignity as the saloon.”

Referring to the practical measures which might be adopted to make effective the No-License vote of the citizens, he insisted that the chief of police should be held responsible for the enforce-

ment of the law. He should be liberally paid in proportion to his great responsibility. He should not be fettered by any political or social affiliations, and in his efforts to keep the city free from the saloon plague, he should receive the cordial support of every good citizen.

“Those who accuse us of fanaticism,” said Father Roche at the conclusion of his address, “either do not or will not understand our position. In our battle against the saloon, we stand for the very best and highest moral interests of our communities. We make war against that evil which brings in its train the anger of God, the ruin of families, the contempt of man, poverty, disease, and crime, insanity, premature death, and eternal misery.

“Are not these, matters which deserve the attention of conscientious students of sociology? Are not these, themes to interest all who believe that there is a grave obligation in the words of our Divine Master, ‘Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself’?”

GOVERNOR LONG,—We are very grateful for Father Roche’s informal talk. No formal address

could be better. I now introduce to you a former pastor of Mr. Faxon's and an earnest co-laborer, the Rev. Daniel M. Wilson.

ADDRESS OF REV. DANIEL M. WILSON

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I preceded the Rev. Father Roche by about a year in Quincy, but I did not go before him in efforts to improve the conditions of the town and city. For about the same length of time we knew Mr. Henry H. Faxon, and during all that time we were sympathetic observers of the labors of that earnest reformer on the field where his characteristic powers were most persistently manifested and his highest triumphs achieved. His native place claimed and received his most devoted services. And how much he will be missed in the old town he loved so well! Quincy—the Quincy some of us have known for a lifetime—will not be the same, now that Mr. Faxon is gone. What a familiar figure was his in its streets and by-ways; known to all and greeted by old and young alike! One of the genuine fathers of the town, nothing escaped his searching sight,

and no one surpassed him in interest in the affairs of the community. Every cause which had for its aim the improvement of social life received his support. Temperance, good government, economical administration, law and order, education, morals, religion, all were vitalized by his enthusiastic and generous encouragement.

For more than twenty-five years I knew Mr. Faxon intimately. I knew him in his strength. I knew him when the efforts of years were crowned with a sweeping No-License vote, and Quincy was redeemed from the intolerable thralldom of the saloon. This was done in 1882. Since then, year after year, the town has been kept up to that standard, and mainly through his efforts. The change was great. Quincy, which had become notorious for supporting more liquor saloons than all the rest of the county put together, now became famous throughout the State as one of the towns most free from the traffic and fixed as a No-License community. And at the last election the vote was larger than ever, as if honoring Mr. Faxon's memory by such tribute to his sacrifices for the cause.

That No-License victory was the final battle in

a campaign which had continued in Quincy for more than a hundred years. At one end of it is the great name of John Adams, at the other the name of Henry H. Faxon. In 1760, John Adams, “fired with a zeal amounting to enthusiasm,” against the multiplication of dram-shops, stirred up the citizens of the town to limit the number of the taverns, one to each precinct. In 1882, Henry H. Faxon led the triumphant movement which abolished liquor selling altogether. It was my good fortune to fight shoulder to shoulder in this battle with my fellow citizens and a united clergy. Yet, however hard we fought, we felt a spirit more persistent than our own emanating from our leader.

Significant was the victory then won, yet after all is said, it was only half the battle. Would the law be enforced? If not, then the No-License vote would prove but a farce. Mr. Faxon believed that it could be enforced; he was determined that it should be enforced. This half of the battle he virtually fought alone. His personal effort forced victory all along the line. He stimulated officials to do their duty; he himself became an official. The “millionaire policeman,” defying discom-

forts and perils, watched suspects night and day, ventured into by-ways of evil repute, made himself a terror to the lawless, and effectually enforced the No-License vote of the citizens.

Why did he do it? Why did he deny himself well-earned comforts, and lavish time, strength, and wealth upon such rough labors? For one thing he did it to improve the conditions of living in his loved native town. For another thing he did it to show the entire Commonwealth that the law could be enforced. It was his law; enacted by the legislature in response to his appeals. He would set the standard of its enforcement for the State. Look closer still into his motives and you will see that he could not help doing as he did. When you search for reasons you come to this, which underlies all others,—he was made that way. He was a genuine New Englander of the Quincy brand, and what was not Yankee in him was stubborn Dutch. As we all know, the right New Englander is made up of faculty and fibre. By faculty he does things, goes straight to the mark, conquers success. Because of his fibre he persists to the end, idealizes, calls the heavenly powers to his aid. This is the New England conscience. It keeps

the true son of this soil uncomfortable until it has its way, and then it is the turn of the other fellow to be uncomfortable.

In Mr. Faxon both of these qualities were largely developed. His faculty for doing things, his directness, could not tolerate the haltings and the evasions of insincere reformers and politicians. To the end of his days he never ceased to be amazed at the futilities and hypocrisies of many in public life. Indeed, his long unwearied fight was as much against those past-masters in how not to do things, as against the rum traffic itself. How outspoken he was, and how direct in his actions! No one was left in doubt as to where he stood, or which party or person he spoke against. His charges were direct, specific, and scathing. Often I expostulated with him for his sweeping and drastic arraignments. But he insisted that the only way to do anything was to talk right out, and to call things by their right names. Whether he always discriminated rightly or not, his vigorous English carried a wholesome breeze into a generation whose soft speech and shameful reticence have been silent partners in the scoundrelism which infests every department

of modern life. And this at least is to be said, that though his opponents were alert and eager to retaliate, he never was proved guilty of libel. "They know what I say is true," he would declare, "and I defy them to bring me to court."

Too much cannot be said of his independence and courage. His independence was of the genuine Quincy quality, similar to that of his great predecessor, John Adams, in this fight with the dram-shop, who was impelled to speak out against the "timorous temper" of some of the men of his day. As Emerson said of Robert Burns, no man existed who could look him down, or for that matter, talk him down. Without fear or favor he said what he believed to be true. Whatever the consequences might be to himself, he would utter his convictions. He was threatened with personal violence, at one time he was shamefully maltreated, it was intimated his home would be burned over his head. At these perils his friends looked grave. He laughed them off, and continued his exposure of the lawless.

That is an example New England sorely needs. There seems to be a deplorable decrease of the old-fashioned independence and courage. Men

will not rebuke wrong-doers for fear they may lose trade, or votes, or be disturbed in their selfish seclusion, or have their property injured. Oh! the pity of it! New Englanders cravenly silent, creeping on their knees for favors! Their fathers fought for independence; they fling it away for shadows. What is needed among us is not only the temperance which Henry Faxon advocated, but the independence he illustrated. It was characteristic of him that at town meetings he did not take his seat with the leaders of affairs in the "wisdom corner," but instead took his place where his opponents seemed to be thickest. He heard their muttered gibes and scoffs at his frequent speeches, and their scornful laughter. It was the meat he fed on. He knew when he struck home. He stood there for a cause, for high principles, and he would bear his testimony right among those who needed it most. There you have the attitude of a genuine man, who utters himself fearlessly and face to face with opponents. And how good-natured he was through it all, giving and receiving without bitterness. His foes, as he viewed them, were wrongs and drunkenness and poverty and scoundrelism, and he

seemed to feel that all men should join with him in abolishing them.

Much might be said of Mr. Faxon's generosity and help to the needy. As his pastor I had frequent occasion to appeal to him for assistance in relieving the destitute. When once he was assured the case was a genuine one, his generosity was ample. Few knew the extent of his benefactions. The poor will rise up and call him blessed. Marked was his love for children, as his delight in them and his liberal gifts to them demonstrated. Every Christmas brought his donations to all the Sunday Schools of the town. Not a child was left out. He was pleased when the children recognized him in the street and spoke to him, and nothing more deeply moved him in his illness than their inquiries for him. Young people always had a large place in his heart. It was his joy to add to their pleasures and further their interests.

Tender-hearted he always was and sympathetic, and for all his plain speech, sought the good-will of his fellow citizens and their recognition of his labors. In his last days he said to me, "I suppose a good many are glad I 'm laid up."

“No,” I answered, “it is not exactly that. Every man has his enemies, but the feelings of those who were on the other side are modifying.” “I’m glad to hear it,” he said, with tears in his eyes, “I’m glad to hear it.” With malice toward none, and love for all, his last thoughts were of peace and good-will. He had fought the fight, he had played the part of a man, he had struck hard. That, now, was all over and done with. The veteran craved the friendly regard of every one, even that of his former foes. May we not say that he has it? Regard and honor both are his. Wherever the name of Henry H. Faxon is known, and it is widely known, he is esteemed for his devotion to temperance, to good government, to education, to morality, and to religion; for his generosity, his courage, and his independence.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED

Hon. James S. Allen, of Brockton, the Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following draft, which was adopted unanimously:

HENRY H. FAXON, unique in his life, greatly missed in his death,—a man of positive moral

convictions and the courage to stand by them under all circumstances,—wielding a trenchant sword in public and private in defense of his special line of work, that of temperance, yet always in good temper and without malice,—generous in giving his time and his money to the work he so earnestly espoused. Therefore:

Resolved—That in his death the temperance cause in his own City, in the State, and even in wider fields, has lost one of its strongest, most sagacious, and most generous supporters.

Resolved—That the sincerity and unselfish devotion he always manifested in his temperance work is worthy of emulation by those who have at heart the same great cause.

Resolved—That especial attention is due to the fact that as Mr. Faxon's business ability secured increase of fortune, his generosity continued and expanded, so that at the time of his greatest success in his affairs, he showed unabated interest in the advancement of humanity in moral reform.

Resolved—That the best monument to his memory is the steadfast and successful support of all wise measures, whether moral or legal, for

the suppression of the sale and use of intoxicating liquor.

The quartette sang "The Homeland," and then the Chairman introduced Mrs. Katherine L. Stevenson, President of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, who would voice the women of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF MRS. KATHERINE L. STEVENSON

THE voice of the women may well be heard at this memorial service for Henry H. Faxon. In him woman and the cause of woman's advancement had a true and steadfast friend. I remember at this hour, if you will pardon a personal word, that I first met Mr. Faxon at a Woman's Suffrage hearing at the State House, and I remember his keen enjoyment of the fact that I had conquered my natural timidity in the face of such an august body sufficiently to give them a genuine old-fashioned motherly scolding. He was always present at our suffrage hearings in those days, and his appreciation of our efforts never lessened.

In him the W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts had, from the beginning, its staunchest friend and ally. Only the records of those early days can tell how many difficult endeavors he made comparatively easy through his brotherly aid; how many rough places he smoothed.

He was always ready to launch any enterprise which, to his mind, stood for aggressive work against the liquor traffic.

No one could go too far or too fast to please him, provided the going was along the lines of what he considered most effective temperance work.

For other lines of endeavor—those which aim to reach the same ends by more indirect means—he had but little patience. He objected strenuously to what he considered the unnecessary branching out of the W. C. T. U. in latter years, but his heart remained true and brotherly to the last, and the entire state organization feels bereaved in his death.

I remember so well, and it comes to me with special force in these days of strenuous endeavor in preparation for the convention of the World's W. C. T. U. which is to come to us next October,

his splendid help, when, in 1891, we welcomed the first convention to this very building. He had given generously to the Boston Union for its work of preparation, and then, when the convention opened, he gave again \$2500—\$500 to the World's Treasury, \$500 to the National, and an equal amount to the State, to the Boston Union, and to Mrs. Hunt for work in the department of scientific temperance instruction.

With characteristic modesty he refused to come to the platform to receive the enthusiastic thanks of the great body, and I can see him now just as he looked sitting in the first balcony of the upper hall while the building echoed and reechoed with tumultuous applause.

Do you wonder that, with the burden of the coming convention upon my shoulders, I find myself wishing again and again for another chapter in the life of Henry H. Faxon—praying earnestly that the mantle of his beneficence may fall upon some other shoulders, and that some other man to whom God has given means may see the limitless possibilities for usefulness which the temperance cause and the W. C. T. U. afford.

He was a good friend and an equally good foe. How he could fight the liquor power—not in Quincy alone, but all over the State—we know right well. He was brave to the point of daring, and yet there was always a cool sagacity, a business method in his warfare, which made it effective. Perhaps the liquor dealers of the State hated him more than they did any other one man, and yet his very courage, his indomitable persistency, compelled their admiration and respect.

The women of Massachusetts—the women of the W. C. T. U.—have lost a true and a tried friend, and yet the sorrow of our loss is mingled with thanksgiving for a useful life, triumphantly closed. He is not dead, but wherever the work for the temperance reform and for women's advancement is carried on,—there Henry Faxon's life and influence must tell for bringing the final victory.

In introducing the last speaker, the Rev. Albert H. Plumb, D. D., Governor Long said that the addresses had all taken a high level, so high, indeed, that it seemed needful that some one should bring the listeners down again to the ordinary

work-a-day world which they must re-enter. He knew of no one better able to do this than Dr. Plumb by his plain and kindly humorous speech.

ADDRESS OF REV. ALBERT H. PLUMB, D.D.

OUR distinguished chairman's kind remark that I could fitly bring this meeting to a close, suggests a possible explanation of the intent of the program committee in placing my name at the last. When we take a Long Island Sound steamer at New York, the chief in command manages to start off with a full head of steam on, and as the voyage proceeds, his men keep piling in the coal more and more, and keeping on at full speed, till, as they near Fall River, he orders the fires banked, and the pressure of steam lessened, and the big steamer slows up, and comes rounding up quietly at the dock. So our chief officer started our meeting with great momentum, by his brilliant and powerful address. Then he called on one after another of these men of power, and by their eloquent speeches the enthusiasm kept on rising, and the songs of our gifted musical friends, and the graceful address in behalf of the women,

all added fuel to the flame, till now, in order to make an appropriate close, my services are required to calm us all down, that we may not too suddenly be transferred to the quiet duties of our ordinary life. This, therefore, I will endeavor to do.

I see a community with an honorable record in the past for its patriotism and culture, its families of long established and creditable standing, its eminent men, whom it has sent forth to occupy high official stations in public life, its schools and churches and general industries.

I see two classes of people there, however, who are not so worthy. One, morally weak in their lack of due self-control, in their eagerness to gratify their appetites at whatever cost; the other, so unscrupulous and cruel that they are willing to take advantage of their weak neighbors, and to tempt them, and make it easy for them to do wrong, for the sake of the money they can make out of them.

Now what is the duty of the rest of the people in regard to these facts? Manifestly, to make it as hard as possible for these two classes to carry out their ruinous plans.

But there is a difficulty in the way. Even among reputable people, a deplorable apathy concerning the matter exists. "Am I my brother's keeper?" says one. "What is it to me if such people go wrong?" says another. Now, there rises up a man in that community who says, "Whatever injures humanity injures me. The public welfare is my concern." People used to say of that man, as was said of another man of like mind, Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, "Mr. Faxon would be a very good man, if he would only let liquor alone." But Mr. Faxon replied, "I would let liquor alone, if liquor would let me alone." And he showed his indifferent fellow citizens that liquor did not let them alone, that humanity is one, and for them to let weak men and wicked men have their way would soon or late bring mischief down upon their own heads.

There was a little girl who did not quite like to ask for what she wanted, but who remarked, "Grandpa, you have some very pretty pansies here in your garden." "Yes, would you like to have some of them?" she was asked. "I don't care if I do," she answered. "Oh!" said her grandpa, "I don't give my choice pansies to little girls who

merely don't care if they have them." "Well, Grandpa," said she, "I don't care if I do have some, but I do care if I don't."

So our friend said to his fellow citizens, urging them to help him safe-guard their weak neighbors, "You ought to care for their welfare, and you will care if you don't."

Man sometimes thinks he can shut himself away from his brother man. He immures himself in a lordly castle of privilege, but before long some mighty popular convulsion heaves the very foundations of social order, and his proud and lofty walls of seclusion and protection come crashing down, perhaps burying him in their fall. Mr. Faxon was enabled to make his neighbors see this, and they rallied splendidly for the protection of the common interests of all.

But providing wholesome legal restriction against iniquity is not enough. There remains the unwelcome duty of stirring up reluctant officials to the stern enforcement of salutary laws. From this duty Mr. Faxon did not shrink. He seemed to look upon every liquor dealer as a relentless implacable enemy, stealing upon his intended victim, to overthrow him, and despoil

him of his goods, his character, his prospects, his all. And so our friend was very skillful in thwarting those plans. Just when the deceiver seemed sure of his prey, very deftly Mr. Faxon would manage to trip up this tempter, and down he would come to the earth with a heavy fall. But over him always stood the ever-smiling Mr. Faxon, saying, "My dear sir, I am the best friend you ever had in your life." He hated the sin but not the sinner, and he would proceed to convince the prostrate man that a great favor had been done him in bringing to naught his iniquitous plan. He believed that the successful tempter is much worse than the successfully tempted. They both go down together, but the tempter into a deeper condemnation. In this judgment he often had the conscience of the liquor dealer on his side. Now and then one of his class makes a frank confession that his business is a mean business, that he takes a man's money and gives him no real value in return; indeed, that in no case can he know that he is not fastening an appetite on a customer which will prove his ruin body and soul. I knew the proprietor of a village tavern who had a card in the local paper which said,

“I have a sign up in my bar that it is wrong to drink, but if any persons desire to end their lives in poverty and disgrace, I have the article which will accommodate them, not as quick as some other poison, but about as soon as they can conveniently arrange their affairs to make their exit.”

Mr. Faxon showed the liquor dealers no mercy, and he had no call to show them any, for they show no mercy. I was once riding across Chelsea bridge in a crowded horse-car at night, when I had to stand up close to the front door, and through the ventilator over it I heard the talk of two liquor dealers I knew, discussing the relative value of a saloon in Chelsea and one down-town in Boston. “Why,” they said, “Chelsea is no place. A man comes in and gets a drink and coming out meets his wife, who has been down to the post-office, or his little girl, just coming home from school. You can’t get him in there again. But over in Boston he can drop in any time all right.” Think of it! God has given to us men sweet guardian angels, in our fond, loving wives and the innocent children whose little hands are evermore stretched out appealing to us, for their

dear sakes, to live worthy lives. And here are these men, deliberately plotting in cold blood to set their traps where these divine safe-guards will not be likely to interfere with their hellish plans. "Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly.'

Now, why was Mr. Faxon so devoted and persistent in this kind of work for temperance? Because it is so hard to reform a man who has the appetite for drink. He believed prevention is better than cure. He was conscientiously in favor of all effective efforts to prohibit the sale of liquor. Never would he lease a building without scrupulously guarding against its use for this immoral purpose. This form of land prohibition has proved very effective in many places of late.

Pardon my personal pride in stating that my honored father was a pioneer in this form of prohibition. Over fifty years ago, when the Erie railroad was completing its western division, he gave the company land for a station, and laid out the town of Cattaraugus, thirty-six miles from Dunkirk, the terminus on Lake Erie. For many years now it has been a town noted for its large shipments of dairy products, for its manufactures, and

general prosperity. At that time, a few miles away were two small villages with a bad reputation for intemperance and crime. The liquor dealers there were preparing to move their business to the railroad station. My father secured from President Fillmore's law firm in Buffalo a form of conveyance incorporating in every deed or lease a provision that if any intoxicating liquor was ever made or sold or given away on the premises, the title of the land should revert to the Congregational Church. There was a great outcry against this. The idea that selling a single glass of beer should forfeit a man's title to the land he had bought and paid for was called absurd. Able lawyers were hired to fight the restriction. It was carried up to court after court, but my father lived to see his restriction sustained by the Court of Appeals. Since that decision other towns have followed this plan, and the same tenure of land prevails, I believe, in Vineland, N. J., Colorado Springs, and other prosperous places. A few years ago I chanced to be in Cattaraugus one evening, and was invited to preach at a large religious meeting, and when I was introduced as the son of Joseph Plumb, the entire audience

of over a thousand rose up in honor of his name. Last week I heard from a leading citizen there that the provision still holds, and has had such a good effect that the adjoining towns for years have voted No License, and the whole region is dry.

Mr. Faxon was far-sighted enough to know a good thing when he saw it, and give it his support. No land of his was ever polluted by drink.

There was another good thing in the way of preventing intemperance, which he early recognized as one of the great providential movements of our time, namely, that which is known in Europe as the American way of preventing intemperance, by the enacting of temperance instruction laws, requiring all pupils in all public schools to be taught the latest findings of science on the nature and effects of alcoholic drinks on the human system. We have heard here this morning from Mrs. Stevenson, the president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, an eloquent and grateful acknowledgment of Mr. Faxon's friendly aid to the general work of that organization. It is my pleasing duty to state his special and most generous recognition of that department of the work of

these Christian women at the head of which is that able and consecrated woman, Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, whose name will be held in honor the world around, like that of Frances Willard, for generations to come. It has been my peculiar privilege, as the chairman of her advisory board, to be familiar with that great work by which, in the short space of twenty years, this nation of eighty millions of people has passed such laws that over sixteen millions of children are being continually taught these salutary truths. In accomplishing this marvelous result, Mrs. Hunt has addressed more legislative assemblies than any other person living, and has compiled the largest and most valuable collection in the world, of expert opinions of scientific authorities on these subjects. A recent parliamentary commission in Great Britain, inquiring into the degeneracy of English workmen, says, "The committee believes that more can be done to check the degeneration resulting from drink by bringing home to men and women the fatal effects of alcohol on physical efficiency, than by expatiating on the moral wickedness of drinking." The Moseley Commission, examining into the superiority of

our products in the markets of the world, attributes much to the superior sobriety of our workmen. Many railroads and other large corporations now require total abstinence in all their employees, because it has been proved, and is taught in our schools, that any indulgence in alcoholic beverages always impairs the efficiency of the workman.

Now Mr. Faxon rejoiced greatly in this preventive work, and nobly stood by it with generous benefactions from the first. I have known of his giving five hundred dollars at a time to help it on.

As we look at the variety and efficiency of his work for the good of his fellow men, there are two manifest lessons we should bear in mind: first, the good people of any community can generally have about everything they in fairness ask for, if they will unite and persist in trying to get it. And secondly, Mr. Faxon's example teaches us that a person can accomplish a great deal more in his efforts to do good if he is always happy and good-natured about it. Why should he not be? We are not advocating a losing cause. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifest, that he

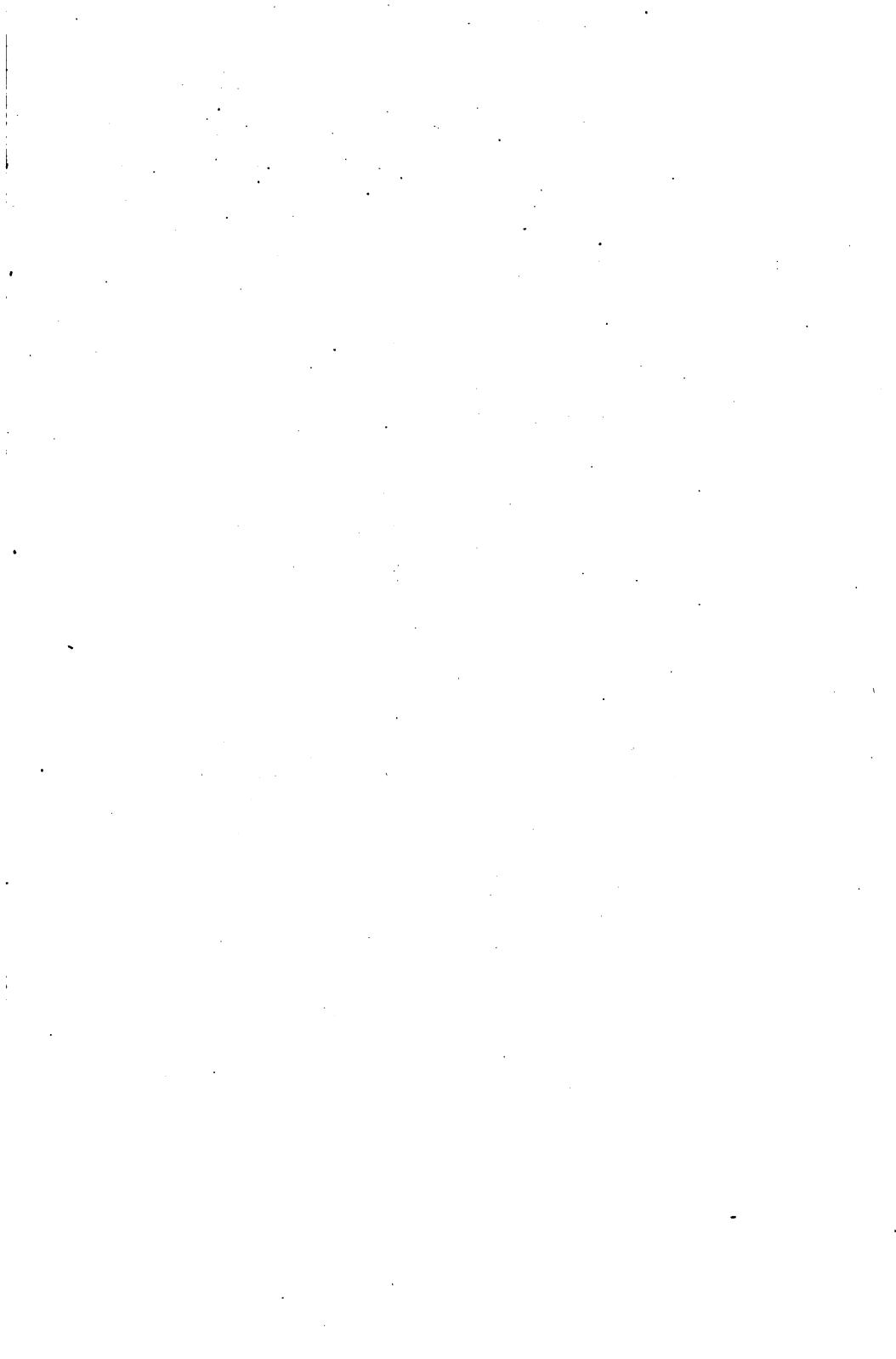
might destroy the works of the devil." That is what Christ is doing, and it should make any man happy to see his triumphs and help them on. Mr. Faxon had no ill-will toward any one. He was full of good-will toward all. Was not his work,—is not ours, in paying tribute to his character, in cherishing his memory, and in following his example,—a work that is in full sympathy with the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The meeting closed with the singing by the quartette of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar."

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